

## Canvases & Cupcakes by [vanishingbyler](#)

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**Summary:**

The boys share cupcakes, and a moment in the art classroom.

## Canvases & Cupcakes

### Author's Note:

This one is very very late I'm so sorry, the fic from the 7th will be up on the 8th, and hopefully the one from the 8th should be too. I have a lot going on atm with college and doctors' appointments and stuff and I probably shouldn't have taken on this series but I wanna stick to it.

I'm not sure if I'm happy with this fic I just needed to get it up, I'm sorry if this sucks bc I rlly like the concept for this one but its messy !! as !! fuck !!

06/12/2017

The room was eerily silent as Will stared deeply into Mike's eyes. The art teacher had requested everyone to paint a portrait of the person sat to their left. Today, Will would paint Mike, and tomorrow, Mike would paint Will.

Mike was nervous to say the least. Firstly, because he was always a little insecure about his looks and having them immortalised on a large canvas was daunting, but mostly because he realised that his work tomorrow would be nowhere near Will's level of talent. Will had been drawing since he was old enough to hold a pencil, and Mike was more creative with words. That's the way it had always been. If this same task had been set in English class, Mike would be in his element.

He'd been sat stonily still for almost 30 minutes, and he was starting to lose feeling in his leg. He didn't know why Will had to stare him down- they'd been looking at each others' faces for 12 years now, and Mike was pretty confident he could do this from memory. Saying that, he wouldn't say no to an opportunity to look at Will for an

hour- the younger boy was pretty good looking.

Mike found himself fidgeting, willing the class to be over. It was his final lesson of the day and then he was going home to celebrate his birthday with his mom and Holly. His dad, surprise surprise, was out on some business trip, not bothering to see his son turn 18.

He also knew for a fact that Will had “surprise” cupcakes in his car ready for the ride home, and that his mom had asked the Byers-Hopper clan, sans Jonathan, over for dinner. He also knew that they were having one of his favourite meals (that he was only allowed once a year because it was, quite frankly, disgusting to all but him). As fun as it was to spend an hour in silence as Will dabbed a paint brush against his page and paused every so often to gaze at him, Mike would rather be in a loud room full of people that loved him.

After another agonizing 15 minutes, Ms Haider called out that it was time to clean supplies and mount work on the rack to dry. Mike breathed out a thankful sigh as he hopped to his feet, shaking his leg around until the pins-and-needles feeling subsided.

Will was still gently adding paint to his work, so Mike helpfully took the brushes that weren't currently in use to wash in the sink.

His classmates had started putting their art on the drying rack and Mike started to feel a little better about tomorrow. One of them was literally a smiley face stick figure with “Jennifer Lacey :)” scrawled in the corner. Another was a cartoon with minimal shading, and the only reason Mike could tell it was supposed to be Steven Bridges was because the artist, Heather Marano, had written “GIANT ASSHOLE” in place of the graphic on his shirt. The two had a long running rivalry, but at the same time they were basically best friends. There

were one or two good paintings, that looked a little more realistic, but none of them were incredible. He was expecting Will's to be miles ahead of the others.

He glanced over, and Will was putting away the last of his brushes. Mike caught sight of the canvas and gasped just a little.

It was no secret that Mike wasn't a huge fan of his looks. His nose was too narrow, his hair was too long, his face shape was odd, his lips were too big- the constant bullying throughout middle school had taken its toll, to the point where he thought of himself as Frogface even when nobody else did. Years of discomfort had led him to the stage that he wasn't a huge fan of looking at himself in the mirror, or even in Will's drawings anymore. But this one was... spectacular. It was primarily grayscale, with his lips and hair painted with a shock of deep, sombre red. It seemed to be inspired by impressionism, as the shading was made up of dabs of colour as opposed to Will's usual broad strokes. It was breathtaking, it looked like the kind of thing that could easily be in a gallery.

Will walked towards him nervously, holding the canvas in his shaky hands. He placed it on the drying rack and turned to beam at Mike.

"Thanks for being a great model."

"Thanks for being a great artist." Mike grinned back.

The teacher dismissed everyone a few minutes later when the room was clean and the two ambled towards Will's car in comfortable silence, knocking each other's' arms every so often and smiling dorkily at each other.

When they reached Will's beat up old Ford, the younger boy opened

the door for Mike, making him blush.

They sat side by side, but didn't start the car because Will immediately reached onto the dash to pick up the Davey's Bakery carton. When he opened the lid, Mike was immediately hit with the smell of the pair of lemon cupcakes. The icing was swirled high with rainbow sprinkles and white chocolate shavings. The two grinned at each other and took one cake each.

Mike started his from the bottom, nibbling the cake base first. Will was the opposite, licking off the buttercream bit by bit.

"You got a little on your nose."

"Oh? Where?" Will said, blushing and dabbing his nose self consciously."

"There!" Mike said, grinning devilishly, pushing the icing up into Will's face.

Will gasped indignantly, "How dare you? I paid \$2.50 on these!"

Mike giggled and his heart felt light, Will's blushy smile illuminating the whole car. Will retaliated, swiping icing across his cheekbone. The whole parking lot was probably filled with the sound of the two boys giggling, and it was already the best birthday Mike had had in years.